

LIMBO

I have a distrustful spirit.
It has a prankster's soul,
And the chortling heart of a jester.
It laughs at me; a laugh that leaves me cold.

I'd throw myself onto a pyre.
Alongside the faggots, I'd burn.
But, I'd probably rise like a phoenix
And to another life return.

I'd jump from some unfamiliar balcony.
My body lost to the night.
But, in my euphoric descending,
I'd most likely sprout wings and take flight.

My every wakeful moment
Reminds me of life's elusive joy.
Could death, my longed-for aching
Be a deceitful, treacherous decoy?

To live or to die, the question wearies.
Here comes this consumptive despair.
But, I've grown too tired, too tired, too tired,
Too tired, too tired, too tired to care.

Isaac R. Wilson

